### REMINISCENCES OF FIELD

MANY REARTS BEAT RESPONSIOE TO THE TOUCH OF HIS TENDER LINES.

The Sweet Singer of Prattling Babyhood Some of His Practical Jokes." Pittypat and Tippytoe."

Of Bugene Field, the poet, the estimates of the critics appear to differ widely, although why any one should question the genius of the sweet singer of pratiling babyhood is incomprehensible to those whose hearts have beat responsive to the touch of his rythmic words. But bey nd any question as to his position in literature the man's personality, to those who knew him well, was of the most engaging character. He was not an etherial but entirely a human being, hating sham, despising pretense, holding in contempt all literary fakirs, who spread the scant buffer of their knowledge over a tempt all literary fakirs, who spread the scant butter of their knowledge over a wast surface of bread. How his gorge would rise if he could read some of the falsely fulsome adulation which has been trickled over his memory. How he would "cuss," The work he most loved was his newspaper toil, and the men whose friendship he most valued were newspaper workers.

When he was last in this city—that was a little more than one year ago when he was engaged in a dual reading tour with James Whitcomb Riley, appearing in the Walnut-Street Theatre under the auspices of the Pen and Penell Chub—he was given a lucheon at the Union League by John Russell Young. There were assembled upon that occasion a company of about fifty men, nearly all of whom were makers of newspapers, but they were mainly the publishers and the big editors; all pictures of prosperity; not what 'Gene Field would call "the boys." As he stood beside his host, his tail, gaunt figure with an almost heirless glistening poll rising about the well-conditioned form of the ex-Minister to China. he appeared an image of woe. A late comer who greeted him was mysteriously taken to one side and the anxious inquiry made: "Who are these folks? I thought I was to meet a lot of . . . . . . anxious inquiry made: "Who are these folks? I thought I was to meet a lot of

folks? I thought I was to hexpaper people."
"So you have," was the reassuring reply. "These are the most distinguished newspaper men in Philadelphia."
"Oh," said the poet, with a sigh of reflef. "that's all right. They looked so damnably rich that I was afraid I had struck a lot of bankers." During the inevitable speech-making which followed the luncheon, after nearly all had told what a great poet he was, one gentleman. the luncheon, after hearly all had told what a great poet he was, one gentleman paid tribute to his newspaper work in the "Sharps and Flats" column in the Chicago News, and it was that speech which gave Field the greatest pleasure of the . . . . . .

He was an inveterate practical joker, although he never indulged in that pastime at the expense of anyone's feelings. Upon one occasion, about ten years ago, there came to the Philadelphia postoffice the most curiously inscribed envelope that had ever puzzled the officials of that portion of Uncle Sam's household. On it was portrayed what was evidently meant for the rear view of the head of a man with red hair and an enormous growth of red side-whiskers. The hair was depicted by the stroke of a pen which had been dipped in red ink, but the side-whiskers were represented by stitches of red silk very carefully executed and which had evidently occupied several hours of some one's time, Beneath it was simply these words:

"An Editor, Philadelphia, Pa."

After much cogitation the postoffice experts determined to deliver the missive to M. P. Handy, then editor of the Daily News. Surely enough, when it was recred it was found that it was intended

Daily News. Surely enough, when it was opened it was found that it was intended for him. Within was no letter, but in the unmistakable microscopic handwriting of Eugene Field was a delightfully funny

poem beginning—
I stood on the bluff at Long Branch
I stood on the bluff at Long Branch
While the chips floated quickly by.
It was a poker reminiscence. Major
Handy, who is now in Chicago, has been
selected as one of those who will carry
Field to his last resting-place.

His was a facile humor. He was pestered so much a few years ago for blographical data that he got up a circular of information about himself and sent it to all his friends. It was an astonishing self-exposition. He told his age, height, weight, color of hair and eyes, size of head, hands and feet; said he loved women and children, believed in religion, and was a Christian; admitted that he didn't dress well, and said he didn't like to; told the things that he liked and those that he didn't; said he used perfumery in spite of the fact that it was bad that he didn't; said he used perfumery in spite of the fact that it was bad taste, and declared that he had written only one novel 'That one he had rewrit-ten each year for seven years, and meant to keep at it until he had made it satis-factory to himself. It said that he didn't dripk and smoked only in produce tion.

factorw to himself. It said that he didn't drink, and smoked only in moderation.

The last time he was in London he was at a dinner where he was placed next to Mrs. Humphrey Ward at table. She looked him over critically and devoted her conversation entirely to others until she noticed the attention that others were paying to Field. Then she turned to him and said: Tell me about the habits and charac-

eristics of your people." Field looked at her with extraordinary sness in his solemn face and re-

When they caught me I was up a

Then he went on to tell the whole table about his friend Red Leary, the murderer, and about burglars and thieves and highwaymen, in a way which amazed them, and many of the guests sought him out afterward to know if he told the truth.

In the many references which have been made to his child-verze, those beautifully habbling words which must have sunk into many a mother's heart. I have seen no reference to a few exquisite lines which were found to-day, ragged with much use, in a well-worn pocket-book.

Pittypat and Tippytoe;
Pootprints up and down the hall,
Playthings scattered on the floor,
Pingermarks along the wall,
Tell-tale smudges on the door—
By these presents you shall know
Pittypat and Tippytoe.

How they riot at their play! And a dozen times a day In they troop demanding bread-Only buttered bread will do.

And that butter must be spread Inches thick with sugar, too:

And I never can say "No, Pittypat and Tippytoe!" Sometimes there are griefs to soothe, Sometimes ruffled brows to smoothe;
For (I must regret to say)
Tippytoe and Pittypat
Sometimes interrupt their play
With an internecine spat,

Fie, for shame, to quarrel so-Pittypot and Tippy too!

Oh, the thousand worrying things Every day recurrent brings!
Hands to scrub and hair to brush
Search for playthings gone amiss,
Many a wee compilant to hush,
Many a little bump to kiss;
Life seems one vain fleeting show To Pittypat and Tippytoe:

And when day is at an end.
There are little duds to mend:
Little frocks are strangely torn.
Little shoes great holes reveal.
Little hose, but one day worn.
Rudely yawn at toe and heel!
Who but you could work such woe.
Pittypat and Tippytoe!

But when comes this thought to me "Some there are that childless be;" Stealing to their little beds, With a love I cannot speak, Tandery I stroke their heads—

On the floor and down the hall, Rudely smutched upon the wall, There are proofs in every kind Of the have they have wrought. And upon my heart you'd find Just such trade-marks, if you sought. Oh, how glad I am 'tis so.

Pittypat and Tippytoe! What paternal heart will not throb the more warmly for reading those words, and even those "who childless be" must feel the genius of the man, even in their Ropeliness - Megarkee in Philadelphit

VERSES BY EUGENE FIELD. Some of His Sweet Songs That Appeal to Loving Motherhood.

Loving Motherhood.

A gentle, generous, and gifted spirit has passed from among us in the death, of Eugene Field in Chicago. He was born in St. Louis in 1860, and his education, varied and accurate as it was, gained more in newspaper offices and in the practice of the literary profession than in the University of Columbia, of which he was a graduate. He was essentially a geatleman and a poet; but as a many-gided journalist

"He touched the tender stops of various quills
With eager thought, warbling his Doric lay."

Much careful study of classic models.

With eager thought, and especially of the Roman poet, Horace, and especially of the Roman poet, Horace, had refined his taste and sharpened his ear, so that a coarse thought or a ruffianly sentiment was impossible to him; and in all his writings we do not believe that a line can be found which he would have wished to blot, had his last hour been lengthened out, so that he might have tried first to set his house in order, instead of passing away peacefully and unconsciously, as he seems to have done. We join with the uncounted throng of his friends in bidding him a last and a sorrowful farewell, and in grieving that we can never press his honest and manly hand again.—New York Sun. hand again,-New York Sun.

#### Verses by Eugene Field.

LATTLE BOY BLUE. The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and staunch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with sust,
And his musket moulds in his hands.
Time was when the little toy dog was
new

new And the soldier was passing fair. And that was the time when our Little

Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.
"Now, don't go till I come," he said,
"And don't you make any noise."
So todoling off to his trundle bed
He dreamt of his pretty toys.
And as he was dreaming an angel song
Awakened our Lattic Rey Blue Awakened our Little Boy Blie. Oh, the years are many, the years are

But the little toy friends are true.

Ay, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,

Each in the same old place, Awaiting the touch of a little hand, The smile of a little face. And they wonder, as waiting these long years through. In the dust of that little chair,

What has become of our Little Boy Blue Since he kissed them and put them there. THE WANDEREE.

Upon a mountain height, far from the sea.

I found a shell.
And to my listening ear the lonely thing
Ever a song of ocean seemed to sing.
Ever a tale of ocean seemed to tell.

How came the shell upon that mountain

height?
Ah, who can say Whether there dropped by some too care-

less hand.
Or whether there cast when Ocean swept
the Land? Ere the Eternal had ordained the Day?

Strange, was it not? Far from its native deep. One song it sang-

Sang of the awful mysteries of the tide, Sang of the misty sea, profound and Ever with echoes of the ocean rang.

And as the shell upon the mountain

height
Sings of the sea.
So do I ever, leagues and leagues away—
So do I ever, wandering where I may—
Sing O my home! sing, O my home! of

I hear Thy voice, dear Lord; I hear Thy voice, dear Lord;
I hear it by the stormy sea
When winter nights are black and wild,
And when, affright, I call to Thee;
It calms my fears and whispers me,
"Sleep well, my child."

### THE DIVINE LULIABY.

I hear Thy voice, dear Lord,
In singing winds, in falling snow,
The curfew chimes, the midnight bell.
"Sleep well, my child," it murmurs low;
"The guardian angels come and go,
O child, sleep well."

Ay, though the singing winds be stilled.

Though hushed the tumnit of the deep,
My fainting heart with anguish chilled
By Thy assuring tone is thrilled,
"Fear not, and sleep."

Speak on, speak on, dear Lord, And when the last dread night is near, And when the last dread night is near With doubts and fears and terrors wild, Oh, let my soul expiring hear Only these words of heavenly cheer, Sleep well, my child.

Frank L. Stanton, of the Atlanta Con-stitution, the Southern song writer, was a warm personal friend of the late Eu-gene Field. When Field died Stanton dedicated this beautiful vesze to his mem-

Fades his calm face beyond our mortal Lost in the light of lovelier realms

He left sweet memories in the hearts of men. And climbed to God on little children's

JEST DEFOSE CHRISTMAS.

Father calls me William, sister calls me Will, Mother calls me Willie, but the fellers call me Bill!
Mighty glad I ain't a girl-ruther be a

boy,
Without them sashes, curls, an' things
that's worn by Fauntleroy!
Love to chawnk green apples an' go
swimmin' in the lake—
Hate to take the castor-ile they give for

bellyache!
'Most all the time, the whole year round, there ain't no flies on me.

But jes' 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin be'

Got a yaller dog named Sport, sick him on the cat; Pirst thing she knows she doesn't know where she is at!

Got a clipper sled, an' when us kids goes out to slide, g comes the grocery cart, an' we all But sometimes when the grocery man is

But sometimes when the grocery man is worried an' cross,
He reaches at us with his whip, an' larrups up his hoss.
An' then I laft an' holler, "Oh, ye never

But jes' 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin be! be! Gran'ma says she hopes that when I git

to be a man, I'll be a missionarer like her oldest broth;

er, Dan,
As was et up by the cannibuls that lives
in Ceylon's isle,
Where every prospeck pleases, an' only
man is vile!

( - th ) - th

An' then old Sport he hangs around, so solemn-like an' still,
His eyes they seem a-sayin': "What's the matter, little Bill?"

matter, little Bill?"
The old cat sneaks down off her perch an' wonders what's become
Of them two enemies of hern that used to make things hum!
But I am so perlite an' tend so earnestly to biz.
That mother says to father: "How improved our Willie is!"
But father, havin' been a boy hisself, suspicions me.
When, jes' 'fore Christmas, I'm as good as I kin be!
For Christmas, with its lots an' lots of

THE ROCK-A-BY LADY.

And each bath a dream that is tiny and fleet-

She bringeth her popples to you, my

And lo! thick and fast the other dreams

And dollies peep out of those wee little

Would you dream all these dreams that are tiny and fleet? They'll come to you sleeping; So shut the two eyes that are weary, my

For the Rock-a-By Lady from Hushaby

Street,
With popples that hang from her head to
her feet,
Comes stealing; comes creeping.

Where are you going and what do you

The old moon asked the three. "We have come to fish for the herring-

The old moon laughed and sung a song, As they rooked in the wooden shoe; And the wind that sped them all night

Now cast your nets wherever you wish, Eut never afcard are we!" So cried the stars to the fishermen

All night long their nets they threw
For the fish in the twinkling foam,
Then down from the sky came the wood-

Bringing the fishermen home;
'Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed
As if it could not be;
And some folks thought 'twas a dream

they'd dreamed Of salling that beautiful sea; But I shall name you the fishermen

Wynken and Blyken are two little eyes And Nod is a little head, And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies Is a wee one's trundle bed;

So shut your eyes while mother sings Of wonderful sights that be, And you shall see the beautiful things

three-Wynken,

Blynken, And Ned.

As you rock on the misty sea, Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen

The rhyme of the peach, written when Field was in St. Joe, has been read and sung from one end of the country to the other;

other:

A little peach in the orchard grew—
A little peach of emerald hue;
Warmed by the sun and wet by the dew,
One day, passing that orchard through,
That little peach dawned on the view
Of Johnny Jones and his sister Sue—
Them two.

Them two.

Up at that peach a club they threw—
Down from the stem on which it grew
Pell that peach of emerald hue.

John took a bite and Sue a chew. And then the trouble-began to brew— Prouble the doctor couldn't subdue.

What of the peach of the emerald hue.
Warmed by the sun and wet by the dew!
Ah, well, its mission on earth is through.
Addeu.

Phones That Are Very Private,

There are some very aristocratic tele-phone owners in the city, says the New York World, but a study of the telephone directory supplied for the use of the gen-eral public does not reveal this fact. This is done purposely. It is no use get-ting mad if when you ask for Mr. Crossus Vanderbill's telephone number the sir!

ting mad if when you ask for all. Crosses was the vanderbilt's telephone number the girl at the other end asks you if you don't know it. When you say that you don't know it, or try to fool her and say you did have it, but lost the memorandum, she will answer back: "We cannot give

The little stars were the herring-fish.
That lived in the beautiful sea.

That live in this beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we,"
Said Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

long Ruffled the waves of dew;

Blynken, And Nod.

three, Wynken,

Wynken, Blynken and Nod one night

Sailed off in a wooden shoe— Sailed on a river of misty light Into a sea of dew.

When she findeth you sleeping! There is one little dream of a beautiful drum-"Rub-a-dub!" it goeth; There is one little dream of a big sugar-

And a trumpet that bloweth!

The fairies go winging!

But gran'ma she has never been to see a Wild West show.

Nor read the life of Daniel Boone, or else I guess she'd know

That Buff'lo Bill an' cowboys is good enogh for me!

Excep' jes' 'fore Christmas, when I'm good as I can be!

A VISIT TO HEIDELBERG.

EXPERIENCES OF A RICHMOND MAN ATTHAT FAMOUS UNIVERSITY.

Mr. F. L. Davidson Tells What He Saw at the "Kneipe"\_Interesting Details About Costumes of Corps-Students.

About Costumes of Corps-Students.

Mr. F. L. Davidson, a talented young Englishman who practices law in this city, took an extended trip through Europe last summer, and while travelling in Germany, visited, among other famous places, the University of Heidelberg. He describes his experience in that city of learning in the fellowing manner in an article written for The Times:

Having some acquaintance with American and English universities, I was determined not to leave Germany without availing myself of the opportunity of seeing something of the University of Heidelberg, and especially as the inducement was offered me by a friend, if I remained over for the night, of seeing one of the famous "corps-duels." He had obtained admission for himself and another to witness a duel between two well-known corps, which was to take place the following morning.

We put up for the night at a quaint little German hostelry in the town—I say German because it was so very German and provincial in the food, liquor, waiters, and everything else. The larger hotels all over the continent have one or more people about the house who speak English, French, etc., as occasion requires, but not so ours. Not a word of English to be had for love or money. One might have starved there, or be poisoned, as a result of his efforts to be understood, if English was his own language. Luckilly my companion spoke German duently. The Rock-a-By Lady from Hushaby Street Comes stealing; comes creeping; The yoppies they hang from her head to her feet if English was his own language. Lucki-ly my companion spoke German duently, at least he said so, and I could not comtradict him; so possibly we escaped un known terror.

AIR OF CEREMONIOUS POLITENESS.

Strangers are struck with the air of cerem nious politismes that seems to pervade Heidelberg-even the porters at the station have it—but that might have been in expectation of a "mark," It is more exaggerated among the students, but you find it among all classes. Go into a shop there with your but on, and the chances are, you won't be served until you take it off. Everybody seems to know every one else, and to be chiefly occupied in raising their hats and bowing in the stiff German way to their reighbors; the town people have probably caught the habits of the students in this regard. Of pop guns that bang, and tin tops that dreams
With laughter and singing;
And boats go afloating on silvery streams,
And the stars peek-a-boo with their own
misty gleams,
And up, up, and up where the Mother
Moon beams

neighbors: the town people have procably caught the habits of the students in this regard.

That night we went to a "Kneipe." To the uninitiated I would explain that this is a festive occasion, when a corps meets for a flow of soul (and spirits), and to stow away as much good German beer in a given time as possible, and their possibilities are large. The "Kneipe" was being held in one of the numerous old inns that abound in Heldelberg. When we got there, not a word of information about the expected meeting could be had; the stolid landlord showed blank ignorance, also the attendants. The first was afraid of losing patronage, the servants of losing employment, by showing anything else. However two students, evidently members of the corps we were looking for, and whom we recognized by their uniform of red and white, put in an appearance at the proper moment. My companion explained the situation evidently to their satisfaction, as we accompanied them up stairs to a large hail where there were about thirty men grouped round long tables arranged to form a T, the head wan of the corps, or "Herr Presidium," sitting at the centry of the top table facing the longer one.

\*\*SNORTH SOURCE SOURS AND "STEINS."

Every man had a large book in front of him, that reminded me in appearance of nothing so much as a hymn-book and a tall glass or "Stein" of beer, that I should say held about a pint. As we entered they were just finishing some evidently very popular song that ended in "hoch," "hoch," and something about Fatherland after each verse. The "Presidium," who (or his proxy) always acts as toast-master and master of ceremonies on these occasions, would name a song and designate some man to sing each verse, all joining in the chorus. Every song or toest, and they followed each other rapidly, meant another "stein" and no "heeltaps" at the conclusion of it.

The ceremony of introduction is very formal. Before visitors take their seats the "Presidium" comes to where you are standing, introduces himself, and makes an elaborate bow by drawing himself up as if at "attention," and stiffly bowing at an angle of about ninety degrees, you doing likewise best way you can. Then the man on his right goes through the SINGING-BOOKS AND "STEINS.

doing likewise best way you can. Then the man on his right goes through the same performance with you, and so on until the last, that meant a of those impossible bows that evening.
This sort of thing is catching, and before
one leaves Heidelberg he finds himself
coming to "attention" and making, or trying to make, these right-angular bows c everybody that he happens to a cost. The sentiments expressed were distinctly varied, patriotism of country, univer-sity, and corps, love ditties in which the fair "Fraculein" always sighs for a gay and dashing student (of that corps for preference) and drinking songs predomi-nating. There was no rowdylsm, the strict corps etiquette being maintained throughout; but this did not in any way

throughout, out this did not in any way throw a damper on the proceedings.

Visitors are always supposed to join in a chorus, or at any rate stand during a song, and if you can't read German, at least pretend you can. The student keeps an account of his "Steins" by chalking a mark for each on the table in front of him, and when he leaves settles by the him, and when he leaves settles by the number of marks he has made.

MANY CRALE MARKS. We left about 12 o'clock, before the "Kneipe" was over, which wasn't to be until about 3 o'clock in the morning. Before leaving I noticed that the men whose ecounts I could see had not less than ten and some many more marks in front of them. Luckily we did not have to go through the same performance on leaving

as when entering.

These "Kneipen" are as much a part of the university as are the corps, of which there are many; some of them are par excellence the fighting corps, each having its picket men who uphold its honor end prestige against all comers; others are more social in their composition.

Sometimes there is ill-feeling in these duels but not core. Sometimes there is ill-feeling in these duels, but not often, Generally they are to settle some disputed point of supre-macy as to standing or swordsmanship; sometimes two corps are hereditary comants, and the respective champions coed to and bequeath their mantles to

succeed to and bequeath their manties to their successors. I saw a number of men about the streets, their faces covered with scars, which no doubt added much to their pres-tige, if not to their appearance. One man in particular, who had evidently just participated in a duel, had one side of his head and face covered with bandares, but he looked as pleased as possible over but he looked as pleased as possible over it, and so did the friends with him, mem-bers of the same corps. These duels are not as dangerous as one might think; the duelists are completely and effec-

did have it, but lost the memorandum, she will answer back: "We cannot give you Mr. Croesus Vanderbilt's house unless you know the number."

The fact of it is the girl would be breaking strict rules of the company if she gave this information. There are a good many millionaires and prominent society families who have telephones in their residences, but they are for private use. Only the friends of the head of the house and a few other persons know the number. The mistress of the mansion leaves the number with her friends, and in exchange receives their numbers. She also leaves her number with the head of the hospital where she happens to be on the Managing Committee.

This exclusive system is adopted in order that outsiders cannot annoy Mr. Millionaire by ringing him up on the telephone. The men who have telephones put into their places do so with the proviso that their names and telephone numbers shall not appear in the directory. The bargains S. Ullman's Son is selling are surtprising. Apple Butter, 3c. pound: Virginia Buckwheat, 8 pounds for 25c. Verment Maple Syrup, 8c. gallon, and all such bargains at S. Ullman's Son-Down-Town, 1830 and 1822 cast Main; Up-Town, 606 cast Marshall,

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COME AND BE CONVINCED.

## THE GATHRIGHT-BURTON COMPANY,

207 EAST BROAD STREET,

### The Cheapest Furniture House in Dixie.

preached on alternate Sabbaths in the Capitol, and maintained that intimuze

social relationship which became so fa-The visit of Dr. Rice to Richmond was prior to the burning of the theatre, which occurred in December, 1811. The call to come to Richmond, then was declined. On the Sabbath after the fire which brought so deep a shadow of sorrow over the State, as Mr. Rice was entering the yard around the court-house of Charlotte county, then the place of preaching, the sad intelligence reached his ears. He dismissed from his mind the discourse which he intended to deliver on that day, and when he rose to preach, announced the following text. The voice said cry. And he said, what shall I cry? All flesh is grass, and all the godliness thereof is the flower of the field; the grass withereth, the flower fadeth; becaused the spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it; surely the people is grass. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth; but the word of our God shall stand forever. I saish VI., 7, 8.

Richmond, now covered with the dark robe of addiction, her people in anguish and tears, presented a scene that appealed to the preacher as the previous call had not done. The call was renewed and he came.

He first preached in the Masonic Hall on Franklin, near Eighteenth, and there the first Prebyterian church was created to the the first preached in the came. The visit of Dr. Rice to Richmond was

ed and he came.

He first preached in the Masonic Hall on Franklin, near Eighteenth, and there the first Presbyterian church was organized. Most of Richmond, as to both business and residence, was then east of the market creek, but in choosing a site for a house of worship, the congregation chose one too far down on Main arrest, the present site of Hargrove's tobacco factory, if not the same building, near the intersection of Main and Twenty-eighth, if the latter were extended. The house of worship built on this site was never completed, though it may have been occupied in its unduished state for a short time.

Mr. Rice's indomitable energy and the zeal and liberality of his coadjulors was

zeal and liberality of his conditions was illustrated in their erection of a second house of worship, the "Pine Apple church," already mentioned, north of the

house of worship, the "Pine Apple church," already mentioned, north of the Cld Market.

Next morning we went to the appointed place, but to our disappointment the duel did not come off. The attendant, however, assured us, by way of consolation, those were, assured us, by way of consolation, the much-anticipated duel had been perturbed duel

followed Dr. Rice's occupation of the Pine Apple house of worship, but some of your readers may take an interest in the following statement:

Rev. Mr. Rice, while laboring in Charlotte county as pastor of Cub Creek, and share in promoting Christianity throughout the State and country.

From the city has wear to Running.

the College, instructed a class of tudent for the painistry, about thirty were trained by Dr. Hoge, but I have neve been able to find a record of their names. There is one, however, to when there attaches a peculiar interest, a shown by the following facts, which were published more than ten years are in the Religious Herald of Richmond by Rev. Dr. Sydnor, a highly estemped minister of the Baptist church, the laboring in Nottoway county. Va.

Among Dr. Hoge's sindents was a young man named Edward Baptist, member of the Baptist church. He was able, eloquent, and full of chersy. He left Hampden-Sidney with deen inpressions of learning, eloquence, and plet left Hampden-Sidney with deep inpre-sions of learning, eloquence, and ple of his honored teacher, and possess with a noble ambition to rear, with his own denomination, a Christian co-lege like Hampden-Sidney. He esta-lished an academy in Powhalan count and to make it accessible to students, limited means, he attached to it opio-tunities of reamal labor. He visite churches and associations, and ender wored to awaken an interest everywhe tunities of fighthin bears churches and associations, and endeavored to awaken an interest everywhere in his enterprize. In the year 1831, the Committee of Education of the General Association of Virginia took the control of the Institution, and removed it to Richmond, where it became Rehmond College. The time seems to be at hand when the two schools that had their beginning in the preparatory work of Hogginian in the preparatory work of Hogginian in the essential doctrines of the Christian faith.

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